The CENTRE OF VISION

FEBRUARY

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1906

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THE CHILDREN OF THE SHELL

Murillo

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Motto

Does it seem a trifling thing to say that in hours of passionate trial or temptation a man can have no better help than his own past? Every generous feeling that has not been crushed, every wholesome impulse that has been followed, every just perception, every habit of unselfish action, will be present in the background to guide and to restrain. It is too late when the storm has burst to provide our craft with rigging fit to weather it; but we may find a purpose for the years which oppress us by their dull calm, if we elect to spend them in laying up stores of strength and wisdom and emotional prejudices of a goodly human kind, whereby, if need arises, we may be able to resist hereafter the gusts of passion that might else bear us out of the straightforward chosen course.

— Edith Simcox.

One example is worth a thousand arguments. — *Gladstone.*

Supervision of the Manual Arts*

James Parton Haney

Of books on school methods there are many; of books on school supervision there are comparatively few. Methods take up the direct approach to the child; supervision deals with the more mechanical side, the planning and inspecting, the visits and reports—the machinery of school management. Methods appeal to the great body of class teachers; supervision appeals to the much smaller body of directors and superintendents. Each of the latter builds up in time some plan of administration, but few stop to consider the elements of such a plan and their relation to one another. For the most part, school supervision is an empirical science, one which has grown out of experience.

It is not to be expected that any review of the principles of this science can present to the reader a complete plan which may be translated bodily into any school system. The suggestions are to be regarded rather as hints from which the director of the special subject may derive aid in the administration of the complex phases of his work.

The essential elements in the practice of supervision include those who do the work, the work to be done, and the "machinery" necessary to its accomplishment.

Those Who Do the Work

The workers include the supervisor, the superintendent whom he represents, and the grade teachers who carry out his plans.

Among the elements which make for successful supervision the attributes of the supervisor himself must be given an important place. He stands as the professional adviser of both superintendent and grade teacher, and must in his attitude reveal his professional pride in his calling. He must be a teacher in the broad sense of the term, one who leads others to a realization of the excellence and worth of the subject he presents; a teacher not necessarily always demonstrating some lesson, but

* The above excerpts from Dr Haney's article in the Year Book of the Council of Supervisors for 1903 are printed by his permission.

If there is any better way to teach virtue than to practice it, I do not know it.— *Elbert Hubbard.*

one acting as an animating agent, aiding not only by direct suggestion, but by general guidance and stimulus to higher professional life.

The personal elements which will count most in his favor are not other than those to be desired in every leader. They include magnetism —an inherent charm of manner, an active interest, a broad sympathy which arises from a power to see things from a standpoint other than his own,—executive ability, patience and self-control, a broad scholastic and technical training, and a student-like attitude toward his work and the course of study.

In his relations to others, the supervisor must bear in mind that he is the official representative of the superintendent and must always be loyal to his superior. To his subordinates he must be courteous, affable, and sympathetic in attitude; all that he would find in his superintendent he must exhibit to them.

Work to be Done, or Course of Study

"The first question regarding any subject of study is the psychological one." The arts must be realized as forms of expression arising from deep-seated instincts, and as offering immediate response to fundamental desires, and through such response it must be seen that the child may be led over the path trodden by the race to conscious knowledge of his own power and of his relation to his fellows.

This view of the arts recognizes them; first, as cultivating accurate observation, delicate muscular co-ordination, individuality in planning and execution, habits of order and system, and good taste; second, as permitting expression by the child of a primitive instinct to tell, to build, and to adorn. These three branches, drawing, construction, and design, should be closely related and the exercises in them be made to rise from a child's interest in his immediate surroundings.

"Machinery" or Organization

Organization exists to promote the systematic development of the work, to unify it through plan and lesson, and properly to relate it to the other branches of the course of study. It aims to give to both teacher

and child a fundamental idea of what to do and how to do it, and seeks to keep a regular record of the various departmental activities.

As an administrator, therefore, the supervisor has duties which relate to stimulating, instructing, examining, criticising, and recording.

1. Stimulating his subordinates.

The class teacher must be convinced of the value of his work. Praise should be given to those who square their practice with the true function of the arts, even though their results be not brilliant. Carefully planned exhibitions, school collections of material which relates to the work, and the introduction of local interests keep the enthusiasm aroused. Clubs among pupils and teachers will organize them as a valuable band of advocates.

2. Instructing.

Unconsciously he instructs by his professional attitude toward his work. Courteous, genial, and helpful, he must maintain the dignity of his profession and assume in his approach to school principals and teachers that his suggestions and recommendations will be received as they are offered, as a form of professional advice.

Lectures, though of minor value, may be used to raise the standard of tastes in the community. The conference is a meeting for debate upon the course of study or methods. If free discussion is encouraged both teacher and supervisor will gain. The grade meetings give the teacher a clear understanding of her work and should be few and "meaty." In explaining the lesson the supervisor should show: (1) Aim and purpose of the work; (2) methods and media; (3) technique and practice.

3. Examining the work.

The classroom visit serves a threefold purpose. It gives an opportunity to the supervisor to see what has been done, with its evidence of success or failure, to observe lessons in progress, and to aid the teacher by actual demonstration before her class.

4. Criticising.

Sympathetic criticism should aim to reveal not the defect so much as the cause of the defect—to show that the violation of a principle has led

Write it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year.— ***Emerson.***

to an untoward result. He is a wise officer who guards his tongue and sees to it that his classroom criticisms are constructive.

5. Recording.

A record of what has been seen, done, and promised in each classroom at each visit will be a valuable aid in making reports to the superintendent.

The great business of supervision is unification—the securing of unity without uniformity. In working toward this end, the supervisor must be patient. What he must seek to cultivate is a natural growth, not a forced expression, the result of a strong individuality working in the face of opposition, but one the consequence of united action on the part of many workers, all friends of a cause. A forced growth dies with the man who forces it; a natural growth lives on and blossoms, supported by public interest, and upheld by the convictions of those who have labored to its burgeoning.

More Proverbs of Health

Uncle Martin

You must pardon my last month's brevity. Lack of space made me ring off before I had fairly commenced, but I'm going to begin where I was interrupted.

George Washington is dead. What did he die of? Too much doctor.

Extensive experiments have proved that vegetarians have greater strength and endurance than meat-eaters. Also, that disease is more common among the latter than among the former. And, besides that, doesn't it make you feel kind of squeamish to think of eating the corpses of dead animals?

"Always carry *your* breastbone high." That's quoted. Try it.

Health is not to be found by merely hunting among the H's in the encyclopedia.

Breathe deeply, use the whole of your lungs with each breath, and thereby prolong and enjoy life.

To the bitter quarter of fault-finding add one part encouragement, one part suggestion, and one part practical instruction.— *Brooks.*

The Mysterious Ship

Harley M. Perkins

"Put a man on the lookout! Tell the watch to stand by!" The captain's orders were sharp and decisive.

The fog had shut down over us thick and damp, like a great wet blanket through which the eye could not penetrate, and it chilled us to the bone. A choppy sea kept the decks flooded with water and the air full of flying spray. The fog horn forward kept up its weird boom-booming. Away off in the distance one could hear the faint squawking of some stray sea bird lost in the mist.

So we felt our way cautiously along under reefed sail, not knowing what lay before or what might be coming in the rear, for we were not far north of the great Atlantic route of steamers plying back and forth between New York and Europe.

At noon the wind shifted, and suddenly the fog lifted. What we saw then made our eyes open wide. Not half a dozen ship's lengths ahead loomed a huge gray mass higher by far than our masts, and many times wider. In places it was smooth and shiny, in others it was rough and jagged. At the top it ran up to a peak like a great church spire. The sea washed up against it and fell back foaming.

"Wheel hard up!" yelled the captain wildly to the man at the wheel. All was confusion. We were steering straight for a watery grave. Luckily enough for us, the good ship answered quickly to his frantic efforts. It seemed ages. We passed just to leeward, but so close that our yardarms scraped against the great iceberg.

Then we saw a strange sight. The ice on this side shelved down to the water, leaving a broad platform. Resting snugly in this recess, on her beam ends, lay a small square-rigged ship. Her hull and bulwarks were brown and weather-worn. Her spars were struck, and her rigging hung in threads. Unlike the deep-chested merchant ships of to-day, she was long and narrow like the swifter vessels of fifty years ago.

It is better to wear out than to rust out.— *Bishop Horne.*

The captain rubbed his eyes and looked in amazement, while the mate screwed his glasses up and screwed them down.

The captain sung out excited orders, everybody rushed about in everybody's else way. I had a desperate feeling I must do something, so I got my camera. Afterwards I found it wasn't loaded!

By that time the iceberg was some distance behind, so the captain brought the ship about and sailed clear around it again. When we were opposite the place where the derelict lay, the captain said, "Now yell all together!" We yelled with might and main. No answer.

"Ring the bell!" Some one rang the bell long and loud. No answer.

"Get the fog horn, that's the thing!" The mate blew for all he was worth. Still no answer.

"Now try again!" cried the captain. "Ring the bell, blow the fog horn, and yell all together! One! Two! Three! GO!!!"

Yell we did, the bell clanged, the fog horn bellowed like a donkey in distress. All the answer we got was the echo of our own din thrown back into our faces by the frozen wall in front. A lot of little sea birds which had been resting on the ice spread their wings and flew away, whether scared off or shaken off by the racket I cannot say.

The old second mate, whose watch it was below, stuck his head out the cabin door and growled to himself, "Well, of all the blamed fools, crazy fools, howling fools, foolish fools," and a number more kinds of fools that I don't remember.

"I don't believe there's any one there," said the captain finally, as though that were an original idea.

We gave up trying to fathom the mystery, and our ship was brought back on to her course. In a little while the iceberg and the strange, dark object resting on it were out of sight.

The next day the captain brought to my notice this statement in one of his navigation books:—

"Brig Restoration—bound to Quebec April, 1851, in latitude—— wind N. E.," etc., "fell in with icebergs, on one of which was a three-masted ship having masts struck and yards down, all made snug. Appa-

Continued on page 112

Annie Friend Rogers, Editor

"Where there's a will, there's a way."

The following is an excerpt from a biographical sketch of Gustav Crauk, by Anna Seaton Schmidt, published in the Transcript of February 10:—

"In the death of the sculptor Crauk, France loses another of the group of artists who have made her record such a glorious one during the past century—raising Paris to the proud position of art capital of the world. Henner, Bouguereau, and now their old friend Crauk have passed from the scene of their long labors, leaving to younger artists the sacred task of continuing the golden traditions of French art. These men were all devoted students of the antique or classic style. Whatever arguments may be brought against the dangers of formulating fixed rules in art, no one who admires the beauty of Paris can deny the advantage of having a definite style, a harmony of line and form to which architects, sculptors, and decorators must conform. The French alone have realized this wonderful power of the ensemble, the beauty which lies in the harmonizing of every element; which they have so magnificently demonstrated in their new group of buildings, the Grand and Petit Palais, and Alexandra Bridge. No sculptor has contributed more definitely to the upbuilding of these ideals than Gustav Crauk. The pupil of Pradier, he strove, during fifty years of unceasing labor, to express, through his work, his passionate love of form, of symmetry. Scarcely a public build-

It is aspiration that counts, not realization; pursuit, not achievement; quest, not conquest.— *K. D. Wiggin.*

ing or square in Paris but possesses one of his statues bearing witness to the sincerity of his belief in classic traditions.

"While still in the nursery, he began to model the objects about him with bits of bread or common clay. With fourteen children to support, his parents deplored their inability to cultivate his remarkable talent. When he was old enough to study, they could do no more than give him a good general education. Fortunately there was a free art academy in the little town of Valenciennes, and he persuaded his parents to permit him to leave college and enter this school. His secret longing was to go to Paris and study with one of the great masters. The Comte de X——, recognizing his great talent, wished to assist the struggling young artist. Too proud to accept money, the boy finally consented to permit his wealthy patron to dispose of some of his work. With the small sum thus realized he started for the great city. Rich in hope and youthful dreams, he rented a tiny room in an old attic and began his studies with Pradier. For two years he struggled against the direst poverty—living on apples and dry bread, and in winter covering his bed with newspapers that he might not freeze. Only an iron constitution could have successfully withstood such a strain.

"Happily he was awarded 'a bourse' by his native town, and in 1851 won the Prix de Rome. 'I always look back on the years spent at the Villa Medici as among the happiest of my life, surrounded by congenial companions, supplied with all necessary comforts, after my life of deprivation. Why should I not have been happy?'

"On his return to Paris, success after success crowned his efforts. The government ordered monuments for the principal buildings and gardens of Paris, the emperor presented one of his groups to the theatre of Compiegne, and the museums of France vied with each other to possess his statues; above all, the greatest art critics had only praise for the young man who had conquered every difficulty that stood between him and the accomplishment of his cherished ideals. His atelier was soon famous for the noted men and women who flocked there to be immortalized in marble by this young genius. He has made portrait busts of more than 100 of the greatest men of his time.

"Yet he remained the simple, hard-working artist, consecrating to

To know what we know and that we do not know what we do not know, that is true knowledge.— *Confucius.*

his beloved mistress the highest powers of his mind and soul. Fortunately his young wife, who was the descendant of one of the kings of France, aided him with her enthusiasm, her love of all things beautiful Having no children, they were able to give not only their money, but their time, to assist in developing the knowledge and love of art among the people of France.

"As the years went on, the citizens of Valenciennes grew more and more proud of their great sculptor. They erected an art musum, which he filled with his work and the art treasures of his wife. All the beautiful old silver, furniture, pictures which she had gathered about them in their home were sent to Valenciennes, where they could be seen and enjoyed by all the inhabitants and studied by the handicraft workers. Again and again Monsieur Crauk refused to sell his statues to private individuals when he felt that he could serve the people by placing them in some public park or museum. His was the spirit of a great teacher. Believing that his profound study of classic style had aided him in the understanding not only of Greek art, but of life, he longed to instil these traditions in the minds of the younger generation. When Madame de Rothschild wished to purchase a fountain, exposed in one of the salons, he replied that he was obliged to refuse her generous offer. 'I did not think it right to have that group hidden away in a private garden, when it might be of help to some young artists.'

"That America possesses none of his noted statues is due to the same cause. 'I was recently offered $20,000 for my Centaur group, but I could not consent to its going to your country, mademoiselle. Indeed, I would sell it to no one—it is to be my gift to the city of Paris. This, also,' laying his hand lovingly upon the beautiful head of a young mother, 'is to be given to a museum. I have refused many thousands for it, but since my wife and I have all that we need to supply our simple wants, I can see no reason for selling these statues. Why work for money unless it is absolutely necessary?'

"Americans probably know him best through his beautiful statue of grief in Pere Lachaise and the monument erected in honor of Coligny. It stands on the spot where the Huguenot leader was attacked by an emissary of the queen, as he left the council chamber of Charles the IXth.

Many of our cares are but a morbid way of looking at our privileges. — *Scott.*

'A Faith, a Law, a King,' the device which Coligny preserved unsullied in the most licentious court of Europe, is expressed in the noble face and figure modeled by this artist. He studied each detail in the life of the murdered man, going to Chantilly, Florence, and Genoa to consult his portraits, that he might faithfully portray the nobility and character of this great Protestant hero. That was the keynote of all his work—an indomitable patience in perfecting the slightest detail, carrying to its highest completion whatever he undertook.

When asked to exhibit his famous Centaur group, he replied, "My friends are all urging me to exhibit this group—but the present generation care only for so-called realistic sculpture. Young artists are striving for effects which they can produce rapidly. They no longer believe in the years of study necessary to the understanding of classic rules. Should I have an exhibition, it would only create controversy. I love peace, to labor quietly each day, as I have done for fifty years. You know that I belong to the old school which inculcated patient striving after the ideal through the application of classic teaching. We have gone much further than the Greeks in modeling, approached nearer to life, but they possessed the true secrets of plastic art!"

The author of this article had the good fortune last summer to visit the great sculptor's home, which was in the lovely country of Val Mendon, very near the home of Rodin, who stands as the exponent of modern sculpture.

Our frontispiece this month represents Murillo's "Children of the Shell," which has been called "the most beautiful picture of children in the world, in which childlike loveliness can no farther go." The child Jesus is giving the young St. John water to drink from a shell, while through the opening skies angels look down in rejoicing sympathy. This picture is an excellent example of Murillo's *vaporoso* manner. Over the whole is spread the seeming veil of an unseen mist,—a warm, transparent haze, impalpable and dreamy, which tones the splendor of the setting sun that lights the picture into a gloomy harmony.

"A healthy mind deserves a healthy body"

Edited by Dr. C. S. Butler

This is the season of the year when the question of what to wear assumes great importance. To-day is warm, to-morrow is cold, and one either roasts in winter underwear or freezes in spring clothes.

Our houses are just as warm now as they will be in summer. Why, then, should we wear thicker clothing, so long as we are in the house? It is when out of doors that we need the warmth. Thick underwear in the temperature of the average house or office building is not only unnecessary, but actually harmful, because it is through becoming overheated that one most frequently takes cold.

"Keep as cool as you dare," is a good motto. To get over-heated, especially in winter, is one of the easiest ways of catching cold. There are many fallacies as to how one takes cold, but getting over-heated and breathing bad air are unquestionably two predisposing causes. The Japanese live in houses the walls of which are thin, but when one asks if they are not cold, the reply is, "Oh, no, we are used to it." Keep your head cool and your feet warm. Straw hats and thick shoes would be much more sensible for winter wear in this climate than fur caps and *thin* shoes.

If your overcoat is not warm enough, have a cardigan jacket or an extra waistcoat, to be put on only upon going out. If you are caught by a change of temperature away from home, pin a newspaper across your back, and another over your chest, inside your coat. Few persons have learned the effectiveness of a newspaper in keeping out cold. If possible, walk instead of riding. The exercise will stimulate circulation. To ride in a cold car and breathe bad air is very unwise. Neither is it wise to wrap up the neck. A policeman on night duty had continual trouble with his throat until his doctor told him to discard his muffler. After that he had no further difficulty, and his case is a common one.

"A little nonsense now and then is relished by the best of men."

The Faculty Dance

A reception and dance was given in honor of the principal, George H. Bartlett, and faculty by the students of the Massachusetts Normal Art School on Thursday evening, February 15. The studios and corridors were pleasingly decorated, and the lecture hall, in which the faculty received the students, was a bower of beauty with its rich hangings and rare tropical plants. After the reception the dance was opened by the grand march, led by Mr. Bartlett and Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells, chairman of the State Board of Education, and members of the faculty. Following the grand march, fancy dancing was given by some of the students of the school. A repetition of "The Autumn Leaf Dance," by the Copley Society, was very gracefully given by twelve young ladies costumed as autumn leaves. Miss Carolyn Hassoldt, in a little French dance, "Badinage," received great applause, and a Spanish dance by sixteen young ladies and gentlemen brought out the applause of all present. A collation was served, after which dancing was enjoyed by all, bringing to a close one of the most delightful evenings held in the school.

Laughed First

"What is the matter, darling?" asked the concerned mother when her small son came to her in tears.

"Well, you see, mummy, daddy was hanging a picture, and he dropped it, and it fell on his toe."

"But that is nothing to cry about," cried the mother cheerfully. "You should have laughed at that, sonny."

"I did, mummy," responded her small son regretfully.

The Mysterious Ship.

Continued from page 106.

rently it had passed the winter on the ice. In our minds there can be no doubt but that this was the ill-fated ship which drifted out of Baffin's Bay, and thus eluded all anxious and elaborate searches. The incident is singular in the history of Arctic ice."

"Whew!" whistled the captain, "forty-five years!" And he slowly lighted his pipe.

Contentment gives a crown where fortune hath denied it.— *Fora.*

Alumni Notes

Fred V. Cann, Editor

One-twelfth of a year has passed. How many resolutions have you severed? Isn't it best to make them every day?

A great year this last. Lots of things happened. Among the many might be mentioned the weather, a safe topic of conversation; but in speaking of the weather, be guarded in your remarks, and say as Josh Billings once said when asked about the forecast for the next day, "Oh, to-morrow, yes, the outlook for to-morrow is,—more weather."

We have heard that the following 1905 graduates are supervising: Miss Bassett, at Lyndon and Barton, Vermont; Miss Black, at Dalton, Massachusetts; Miss Dawson, at Springfield, Vermont; Mr. Ried, at Greenfield, Massachusetts; Mr. Higgins, at Lewiston, Maine.

Mr. Higgins, who is to marry Miss Sarah Sophia Nicholls, of Waltham, in the spring, has already taken out a marriage license. Even though the wedding is three months off, the groom-elect feels it is much nearer now that he has the license! We extend hearty congratulations.

Mr. Perry is doing successful work at a military school in Vermont, and we hear good reports of Miss Dodge, Miss Coggeshall, Miss Taylor, Miss Skinner, and Mr. Wing. Why don't the rest report?

Miss Spofford and Miss Richards, of '05, were at Dow's School in Ipswich this summer.

George H. Seeley is supervising in Stockbridge; Miss Alma J. Brookman, '03, in Williamstown; and Miss Alice H. Berry, '99, in an industrial school at Ponce, Porto Rico.

I repeat it, will all the alumni or any member please send in any news of interest to the school, either to the editor or in care of the CENTRE OF VISION? Please do so immediately. This column is yours. Let's make it the very best of all.

EDITORIALS

The new term has come, and while it is yet new it is a good time to consider what we have accomplished this school year and what is still to be done before June. Have we done our very best for this good old school, for our instructors, and for ourselves? If so, let us continue, and be sure that each thing well done has given us new power for well-doing in the future. But if we have done anything to cast reproach on the school, on our instructors, or on ourselves, let us resolve to make this term the turning-point and do all we can to retrieve our past errors.

Washington's Birthday! To how many of us did these words mean more than a day to rest or make up some neglected work? There seems little place, in our busy modern lives, for hero worship. The times have changed, we say, and the man who fitted so well the needs of our early history would have no place in the present "strenuous" era. Yes, the times have changed, but character is the same. Our country still has need of men who are honest, persevering, and patriotic. We could do worse things than emulate George Washington!

Teachers, alumni, and fellow-students, your congratulations on the January issue have been most encouraging. Our one aim is to make the CENTRE OF VISION a *good* paper, from both a literary and an artistic standpoint. When you express your approval in word and in deed—by buying the paper and patronizing the advertisers—we feel that we have taken a step in the right direction.

So many good things came to the editorial desk this month that we had to omit the usual cut of student's work in order to make room for the reading matter. If every student felt that he personally must support the paper, perhaps we could add more pages each month.

We sympathize deeply with Miss Barnd, Miss Morton, and Miss Hardy in their recent bereavements

Some people have a wish-bone where their back-bone ought to be.

Class Notes

'06

Rita B. Grant Isabel Harrington

It is evident that one pupil exerted great influence over a certain portrait model with a code of words not comprehensible to others, like a special language between the two J's. Gezook!

Surely one student has invested in a new stock of stocks, not railroad stocks, either, judging from their hues, values, and chromas. Very becoming.

Suppose we all take the "2.45 train" for Sudbury, and inquire for Miss H's kitty cat, Buff.

The Public School Class will begin observing this week. Every one looks forward with mingled pleasure and fear to that first experience in teaching the children. Let us hope they will behave as well as the 'make believe" ones in the Public School room.

Could *you* make a cow look as if it were jumping over the moon?

Valentine's Day and a dance coming so close together rather disorganized things week before last. But they come only once a year. Who perpetrated the big red hearts and the little white paper ones?

Mr. Cooper, the new student, asks pretty searching questions and makes a good addition to the class.

Knapp is on the water wagon. Hang on tight, Knapp.

Only Miss Bailey knows which are worse—onions or Easter lilies.

In the Design Class: "It is a great satisfaction to come into a room where every one is so studious."

Miss B. (to a member of the Design Class): "You mustn't sit beside that open window."

Reply: "But, mercy! it's so hot here!"

Roses and congratulations for Kittie on St. Valentine's Day.

As usual, Frank was well remembered with valentines by his numerous admirers.

"Hanging is too good for some men and a lot of pictures."

'07

Louise M. Webb Edward A. Fox

There is to be no more borrowing. The Supply Trust Company announce that they will rent charcoal, kneaded erasers, plumb lines, etc., at reasonable rates.

Helen says her house is not far from an asylum. We understand!

Mr. Granbury looked stunning in that helmet. He is to be considered at the next Faculty dance.

Would you miss a thumb tack?

Two trunks by the railroad stood,
As an automobile flew by,—

What is the next line, Pully? Fee up!

How about some more chairs in the lunch room? We have got so now that we fall through the open-work in the backs of the chairs.

'08

Annette Washburn Augustus B. Booth

Mr. Munsell's new class is quite large, but this fact is not evident upon entering the studio, as he remarked recently.

The figure drawing is new to the class, and the cast seemingly cuts up all sorts of antics.

We got the palms, Burn—m!

Mr. Hamilton's studio has been lonely for the past week.

How are my M——l Ang——loes to-day?

Repertoire is in decadence in Mr. Major's.

Randel keeps (things) Lent all the year round.

We welcome our new comrades to our studio and our hearts,—Misses Elsbree and Evans.

Sweet Alice is no longer lonesome. We have a few more beautiful maidens to keep her company.

1908 made a good showing at the Faculty dance in costumes; that is, as far as they went.

Puzzle: Find Jim Brennan.

Difficulties are meant to rouse, not discourage.

'09

Lillian Holden — Chester B. Park

Fudge! Whew! Ask Elsie what she flavors hers with.

The A. B. C. made its debut as a club at quite an effective spread the other day.

The fire department of the Water-Color Class gives a daily exhibition in Studio A. No need of the fire escape.

Ouija says the hero and heroine of two popular songs are about to be united in matrimony. We hear that the ceremony is to be performed under the watermelon vine.

What does the decoration on Molly's place-card mean?

Reid about Ethel.

"Nobody" seems to be quite popular in Studio B.

Select series of chamber concerts in Class A. Soloist, Miss Chipman.

Lost, strayed, or stolen, a cuff. Percy needs a nurse-maid.

Archie says he knows more than we think he does, and Billy *used* to know something. Encouraging outlook!

Professional chaperons: Messrs. Parks, Kewer, and Oliver. Theatre parties a specialty.

The members of Class A are progressing. They are learning the alphabet now, and hope soon to go into words of one syllable.

Freshmen wishing to take fencing lessons will please notify Miss Brown or Miss Plimpton. We see they have started a class in the lecture hall.

Has any one been left out of Miss Houghton's autograph album?

Connie, don't climb the incline in Studio A again. You might fall.

Who said Castle-square Theatre?

We wish the school to note the promotion of Arthur E. Oliver from class editor to assistant business manager of the CENTRE OF VISION, Chester B. Park taking his place as class editor.

Helen F. Morton, Editor

"O wad some pow'r the giftie gie us
To see oursels as others see us!"

The *Yellow Dragon* has again come to our desk, and we hope to receive it regularly in the future. The conclusion of "A Canterbury Pilgrim from China" in the December number is well written and intensely interesting. We note the attention our foreign friends are paying to the important matter of hygiene.

The article on "Gobelin Tapestry" in the *Lawrence Bulletin* is meritorious, and would be particularly attractive to students of design. The Art Club notes are good, but it does seem tame to speak of Japanese art as "dainty sketches."

The January number of the *Cambridge Review* shows marked improvement, especially in the exchange department, which is well filled and commendable in every way.

The *Drury Academe* contains a clever sketch, aptly called "Between the Covers." The *Academe* is one of our exchanges which persists in running jokes through its exchange column. Why not arrange a department for jokes, and thereby broaden the range of your paper?

It would be considered an act of courtesy if the *Normal College Echo* came to us with leaves cut. The arrangement of column spacing and size of paper is quite attractive. The poem, "Magic Bough," surely deserves a word of praise.

Calendar, you have an eye for trade when you introduce the scheme of running jokes in with your advertisements. Now complete your paper by adding an exchange column.

The *Crescent* has a good healthy appearance. All the departments show a great deal of care and thought, having a goodly measure of wit and humor to balance the heavier matter.

The *Pennington Seminary Review* entirely lacks cuts, thereby giving a dull, prosaic tone to each publication.

JOHN A. BARNES, D. O.

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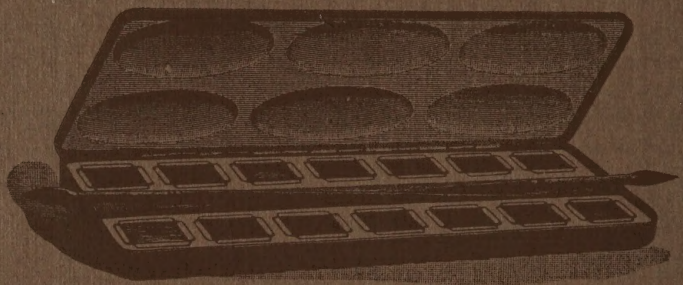

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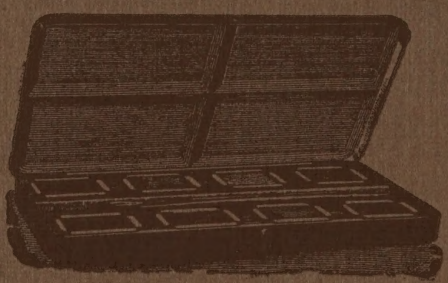

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